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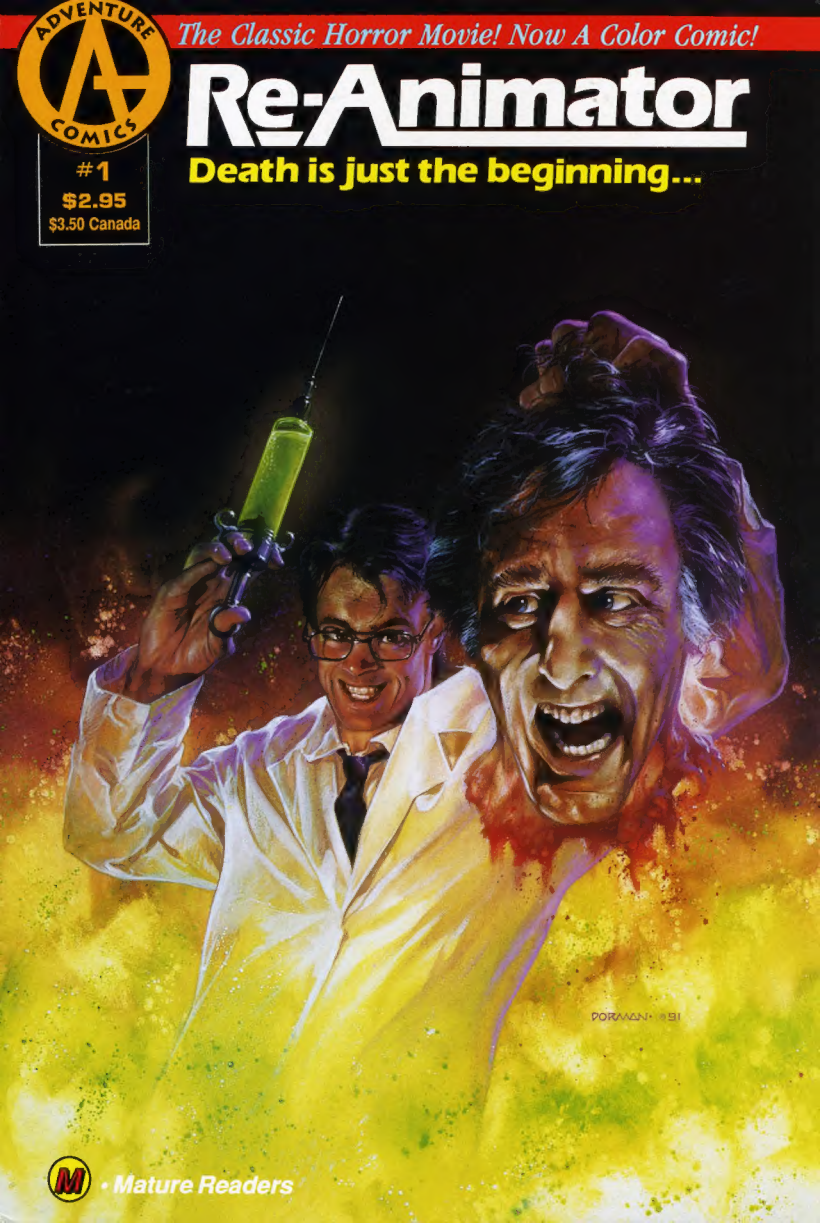
Re-Animator

Death is just the beginning...



M • Mature Readers

Based On Characters Created By H.P. Lovecraft

Special Thanks To Brian Yuzna

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Illustrations • Christopher Jones
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Lettering • Joseph Allen

Publisher • Dave Olbrich
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Art Director • Mickie Villa
Creative Director • Tom Mason

Creative Director Tales...

I didn't see *Re-Animator* when it first came out. Okay, I admit it. I was too scared. Way back in 1985, I was a cinematic coward. Blood and gore were too much for my weakened constitution.

I was busy working the week-end the film opened. All of my friends went to see it and when they came back they filled my head with so many frightening images—injury to the eye, the cat, severed heads—that my imagination got the best of me and I stayed away

(Continued on inside back cover

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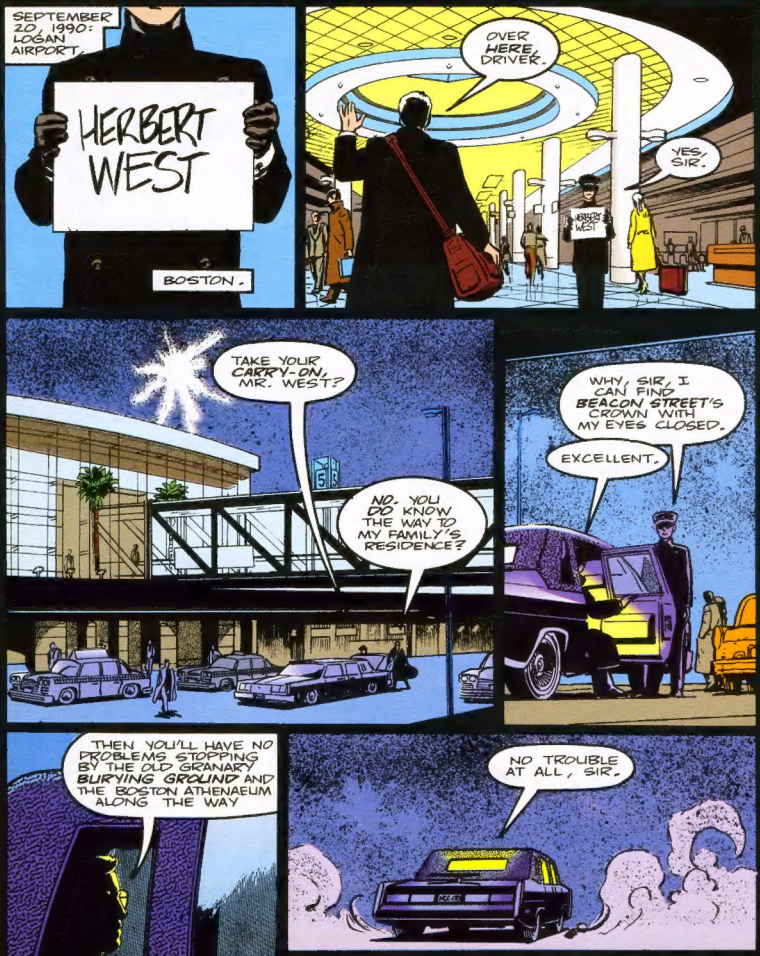
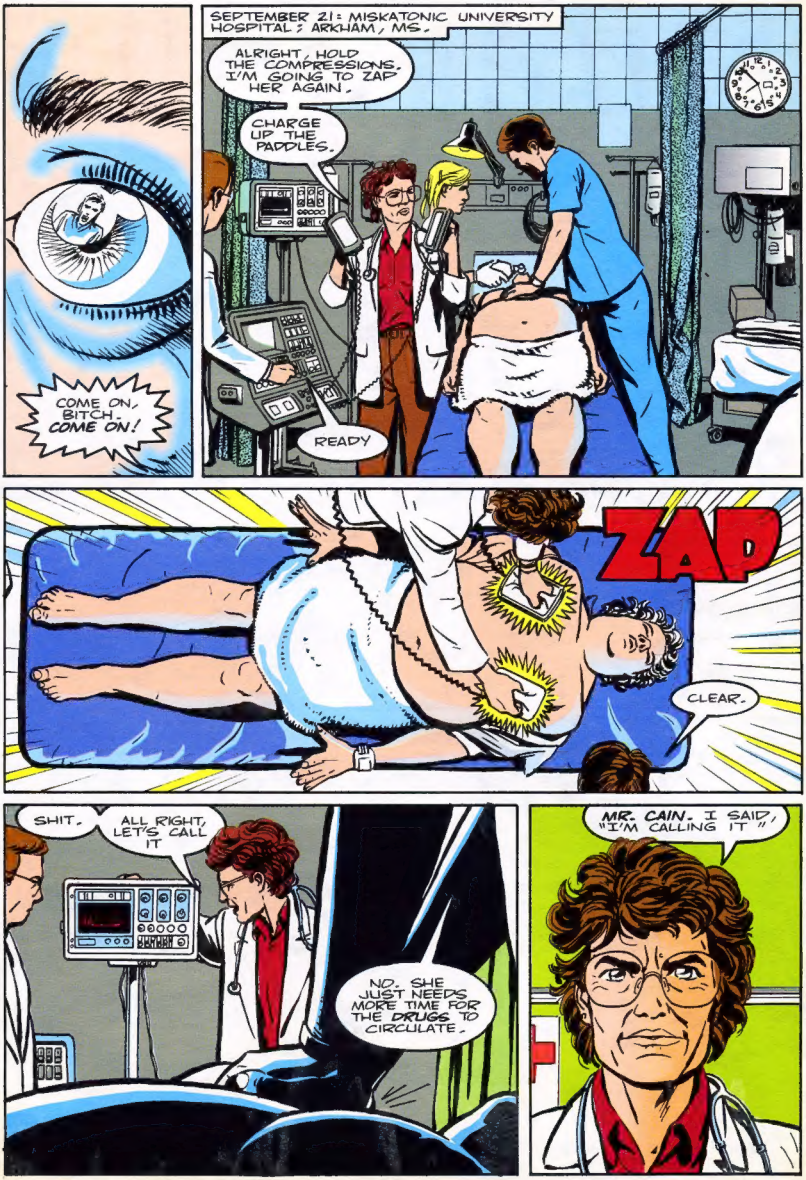
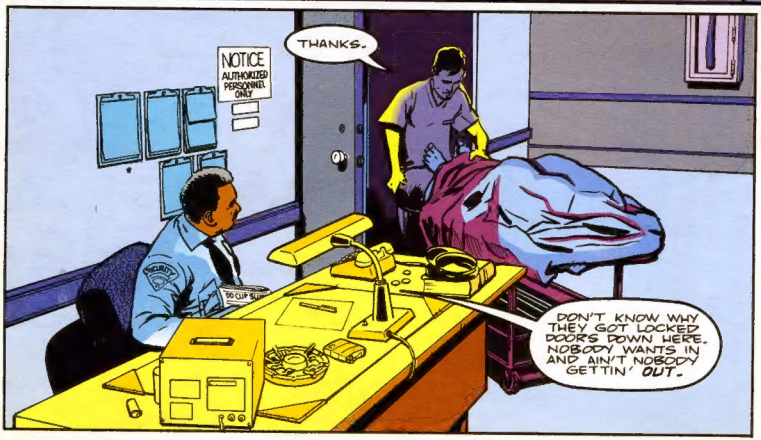
PROLOGUE


SEPTEMBER 20, 1990: LOGAN AIRPORT.
HERBERT WEST
BOSTON.
OVER HERE, DRIVER.
YES, SIR.
HERBERT WEST
TAKE YOUR CARRY-ON, MR. WEST?
NO. YOU DO KNOW THE WAY TO MY FAMILY'S RESIDENCE?
WHY, SIR, I CAN FIND BEACON STREET'S CROWN WITH MY EYES CLOSED.
EXCELLENT.
THEN YOU'LL HAVE NO PROBLEMS STOPPING BY THE OLD GRANARY BURYING GROUND AND THE BOSTON ATHENAEUM ALONG THE WAY
NO TROUBLE AT ALL, SIR.

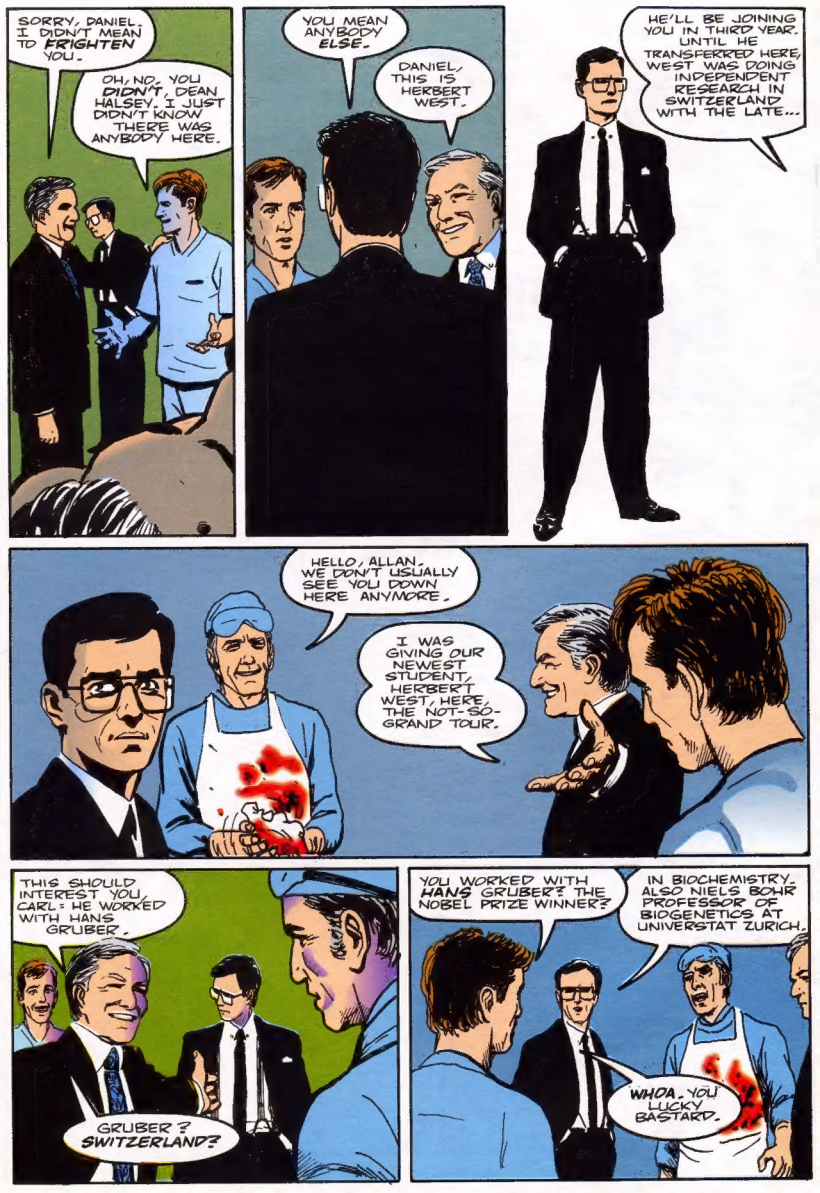
...END PROLOGUE

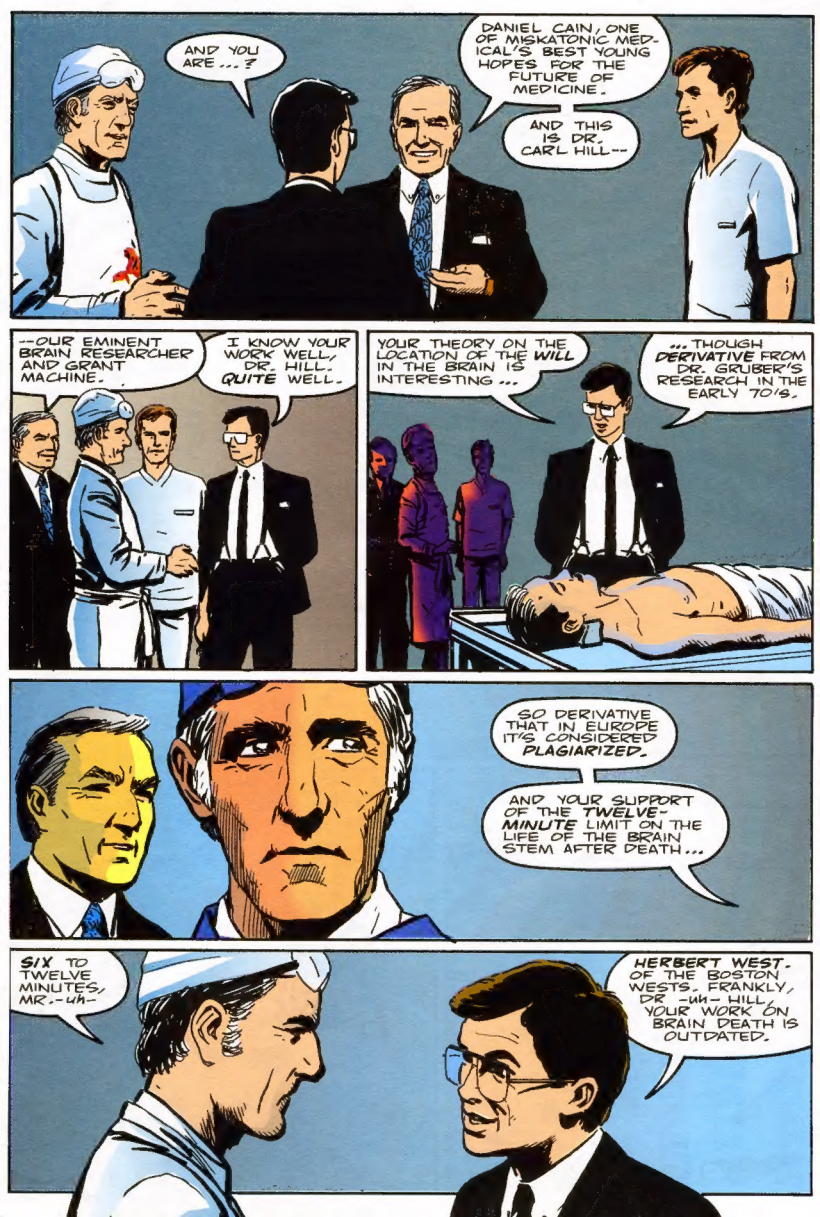

COME ON, BITCH. COME ON!
SEPTEMBER 21: MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL; ARKHAM, MS.
ALRIGHT, HOLD THE COMPRESSIONS. I'M GOING TO ZAP HER AGAIN.
CHARGE UP THE PADDLES.
READY
ZAP
CLEAR.
SHIT.
ALL RIGHT, LET'S CALL IT
NO. SHE JUST NEEDS MORE TIME FOR THE DRUGS TO CIRCULATE.
MR. CAIN. I SAID, "I'M CALLING IT."

"TAG HER AND TAKE HER DOWN TO THE MORGUE."
MR. CAIN
HI YA, MACE. GOT ANOTHER TENANT FOR YOU.
NOTICE AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY
MORGUE
AIN'T LOCKED. DOC HILL'S IN THE AUTOPSY ROOM.

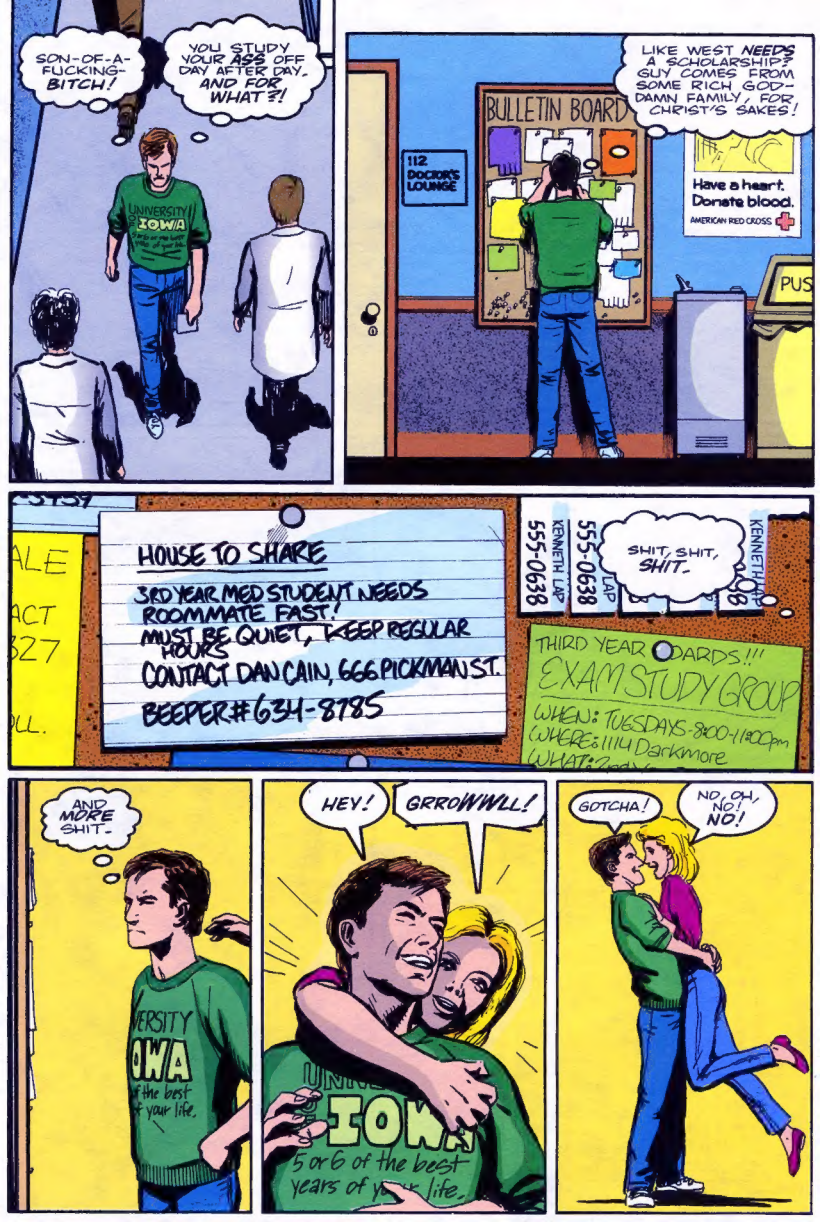

NOTICE AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY
THANKS.
DON'T KNOW WHY THEY GOT LOCKED DOORS DOWN HERE. NOBODY WANTS IN AND AIN'T NOBODY GETTIN' OUT.

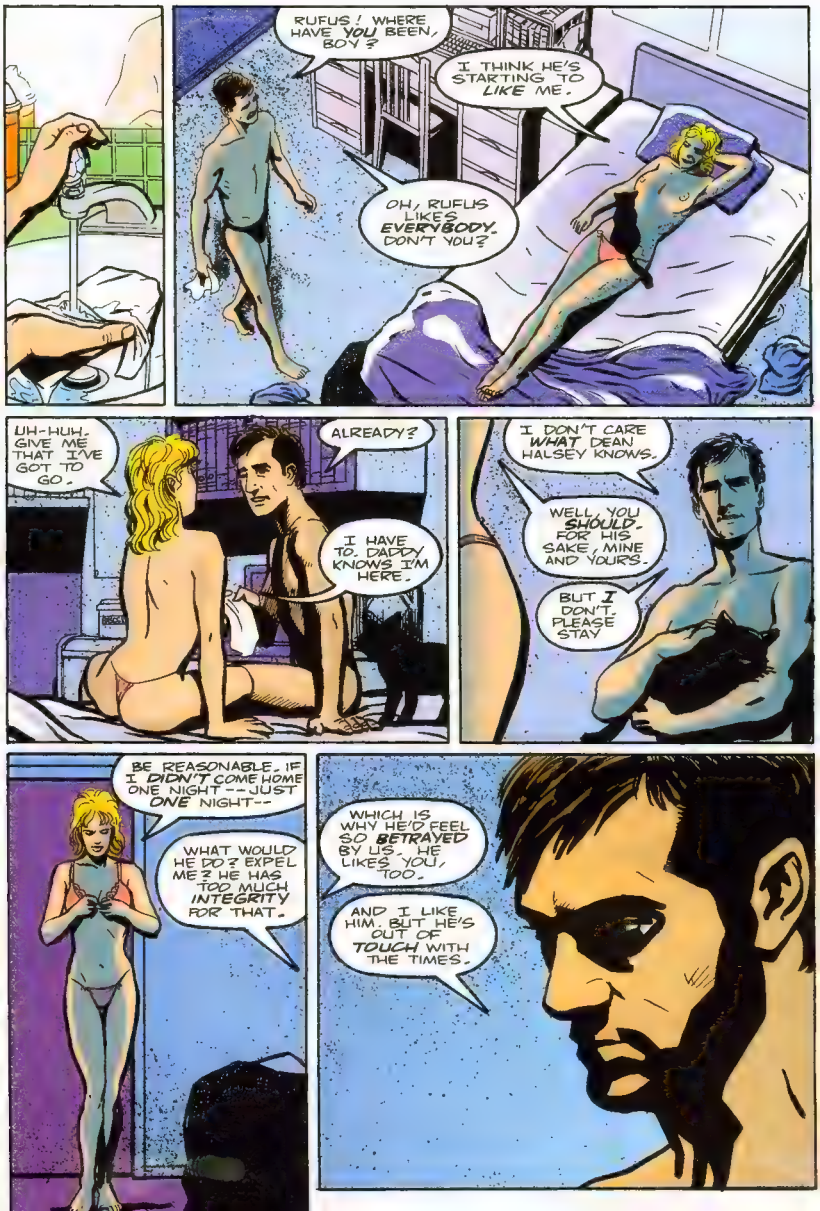
ALRIGHT YOU LITTLE CAMP WAPSIE TRAIL-BLAZERS, TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND--
RESTRICTED AREA
SLAM!
I HATE THIS PLACE... I HATE THIS PLACE... OH GOD! I HATE THIS PLACE!
FRESH AIR! MY FAVORITE!
GAA

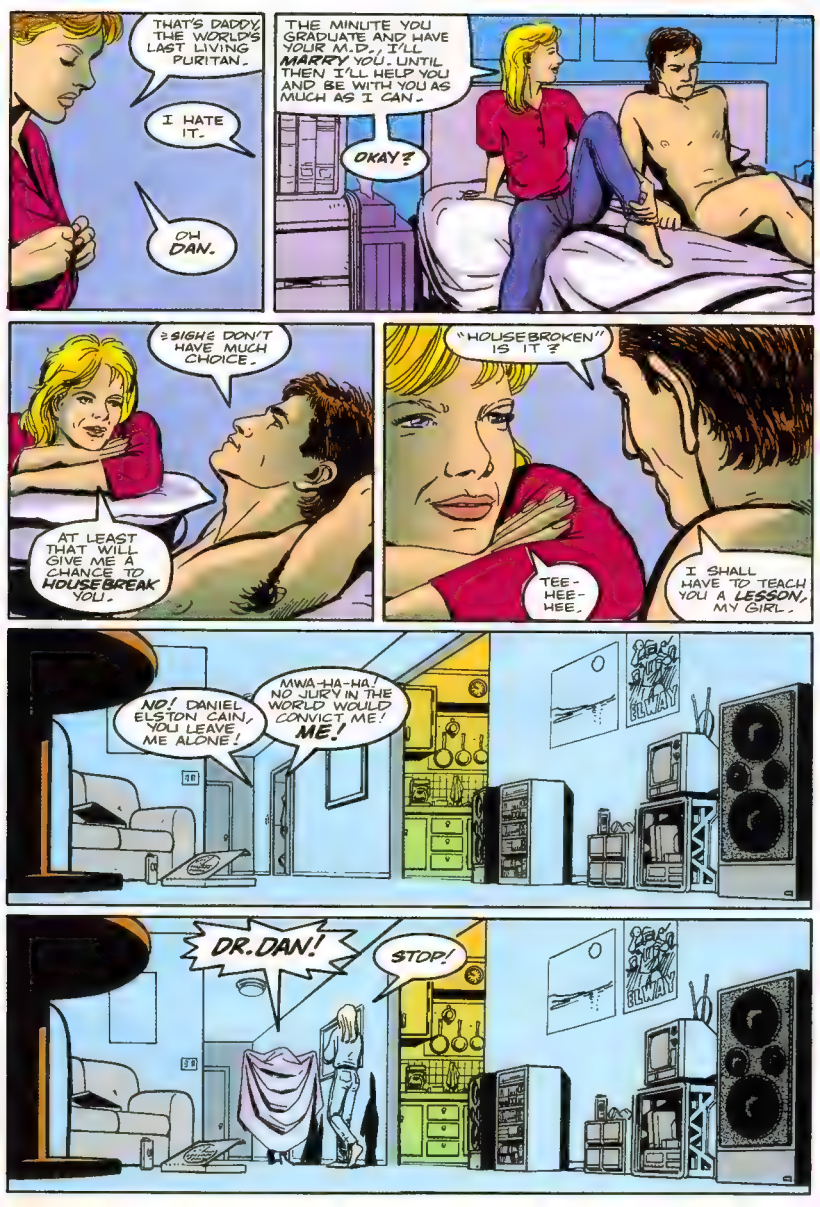

SORRY, DANIEL. I DIDN'T MEAN TO FRIGHTEN YOU.
OH, NO, YOU DIDN'T, DEAN HALSEY. I JUST DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS ANYBODY HERE.
YOU MEAN ANYBODY ELSE.
DANIEL, THIS IS HERBERT WEST.
HE'LL BE JOINING YOU IN THIRD YEAR. UNTIL HE TRANSFERRED HERE, WEST WAS DOING INDEPENDENT RESEARCH IN SWITZERLAND WITH THE LATE...
HELLO, ALLAN. WE DON'T USUALLY SEE YOU DOWN HERE ANYMORE.
I WAS GIVING OUR NEWEST STUDENT, HERBERT WEST, HERE, THE NOT-SO-GRAND TOUR.
THIS SHOULD INTEREST YOU, CARL: HE WORKED WITH HANS GRUBER.
GRUBER? SWITZERLAND?
YOU WORKED WITH HANS GRUBER? THE NOBEL PRIZE WINNER?
IN BIOCHEMISTRY. ALSO NIELS BOHR PROFESSOR OF BIOGENETICS AT UNIVERSTAT ZURICH.
WHOA. YOU LUCKY BASTARD.

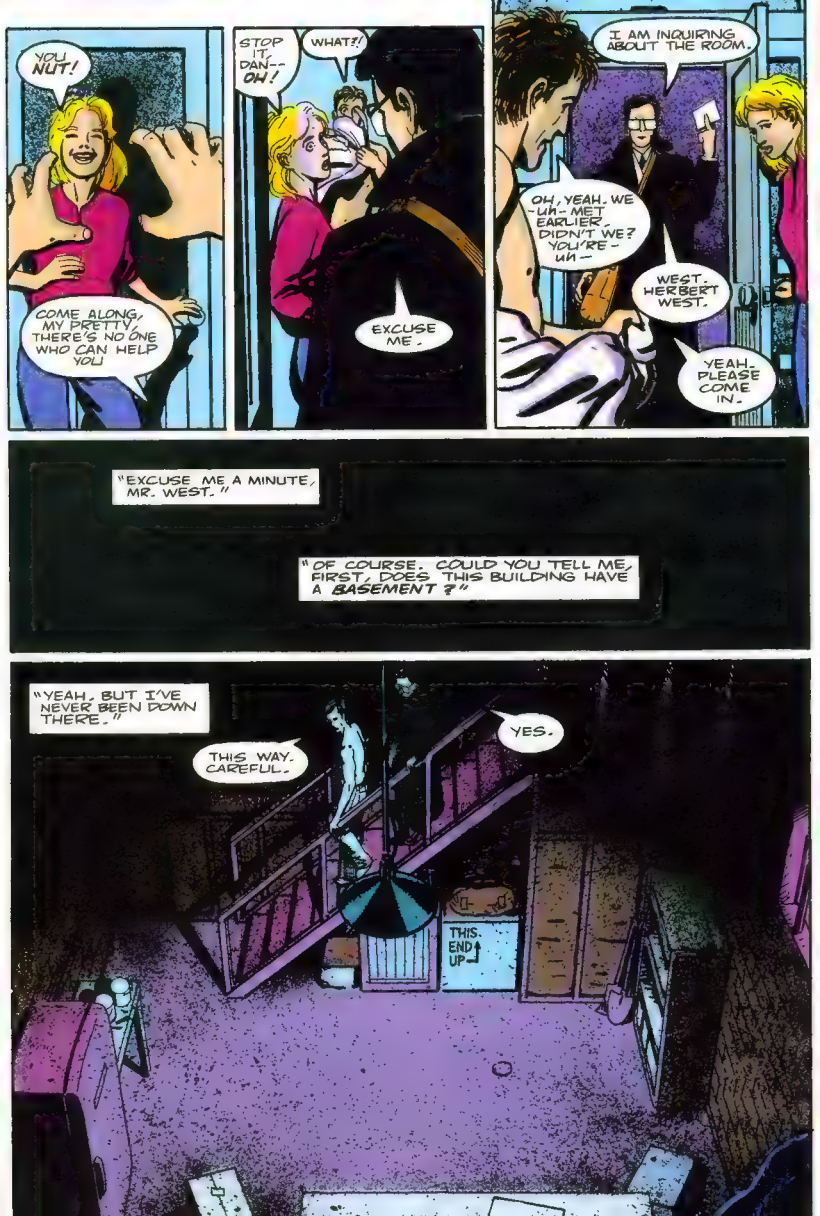

AND YOU ARE...?
DANIEL CAIN, ONE OF MISKATONIC MEDICAL'S BEST YOUNG HOPES FOR THE FUTURE OF MEDICINE.
AND THIS IS DR. CARL HILL--
--OUR EMINENT BRAIN RESEARCHER AND GRANT MACHINE.
I KNOW YOUR WORK WELL, DR. HILL. QUITE WELL.
YOUR THEORY ON THE LOCATION OF THE WILL IN THE BRAIN IS INTERESTING...
...THOUGH DERIVATIVE FROM DR. GRUBER'S RESEARCH IN THE EARLY 70'S.
SO DERIVATIVE THAT IN EUROPE IT'S CONSIDERED PLAGIARIZED.
AND YOUR SUPPORT OF THE TWELVE-MINUTE LIMIT ON THE LIFE OF THE BRAIN STEM AFTER DEATH...
SIX TO TWELVE MINUTES, MR.-UH-
HERBERT WEST. OF THE BOSTON WESTS. FRANKLY, DR -UH- HILL, YOUR WORK ON BRAIN DEATH IS OUTDATED.

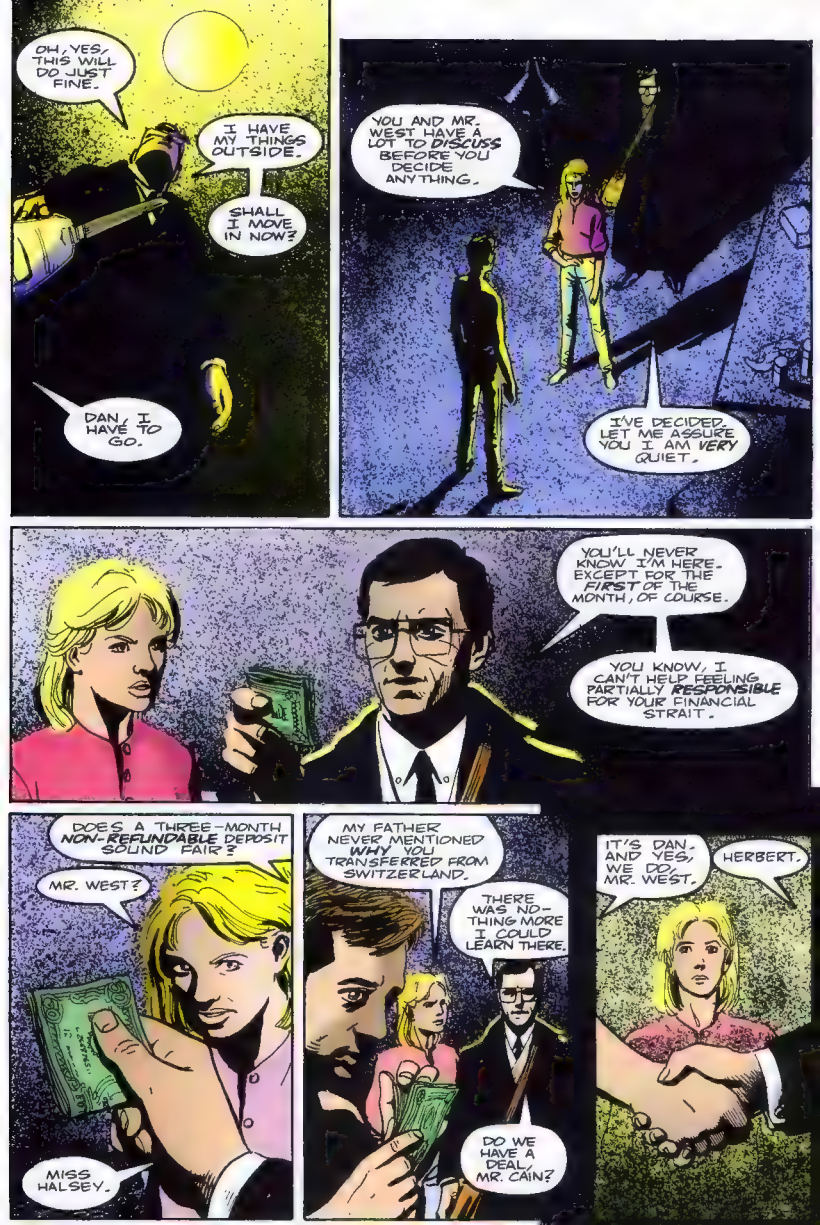
CARL, WHILE I REMEMBER, THERE'S A GRANT COMMITEE MEETING THURSDAY. HOW ABOUT DINNER AFTERWARDS?
FINE, ALLAN. LOOKING FORWARD TO IT.
LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING YOU, TOO, MR. WEST. IN CLASS.
DEAN HALSEY. THIS MAY NOT BE THE RIGHT TIME, BUT I'VE BEEN SO BUSY...
IT'S ALWAYS THE PERFECT TIME FOR YOU, DANIEL. WHAT IS IT?
I WAS HOPING YOU MAY HAVE HEARD SOMETHING ABOUT THE WELLMAN SCHOLARSHIP?
YES, I'M SORRY, SON, WE ONLY DECIDED A COUPLE OF HOURS AGO. WEST HERE WILL BE THIS YEAR'S RECIPIENT.
HE JUST GOT HERE. THE DEADLINE WAS LAST MONTH
TRUE, BUT WE NEEDED A CARROT TO COAX WEST FROM JOHNS HOPKINS, AND THAT WAS THE WELLMAN SCHOLARSHIP.

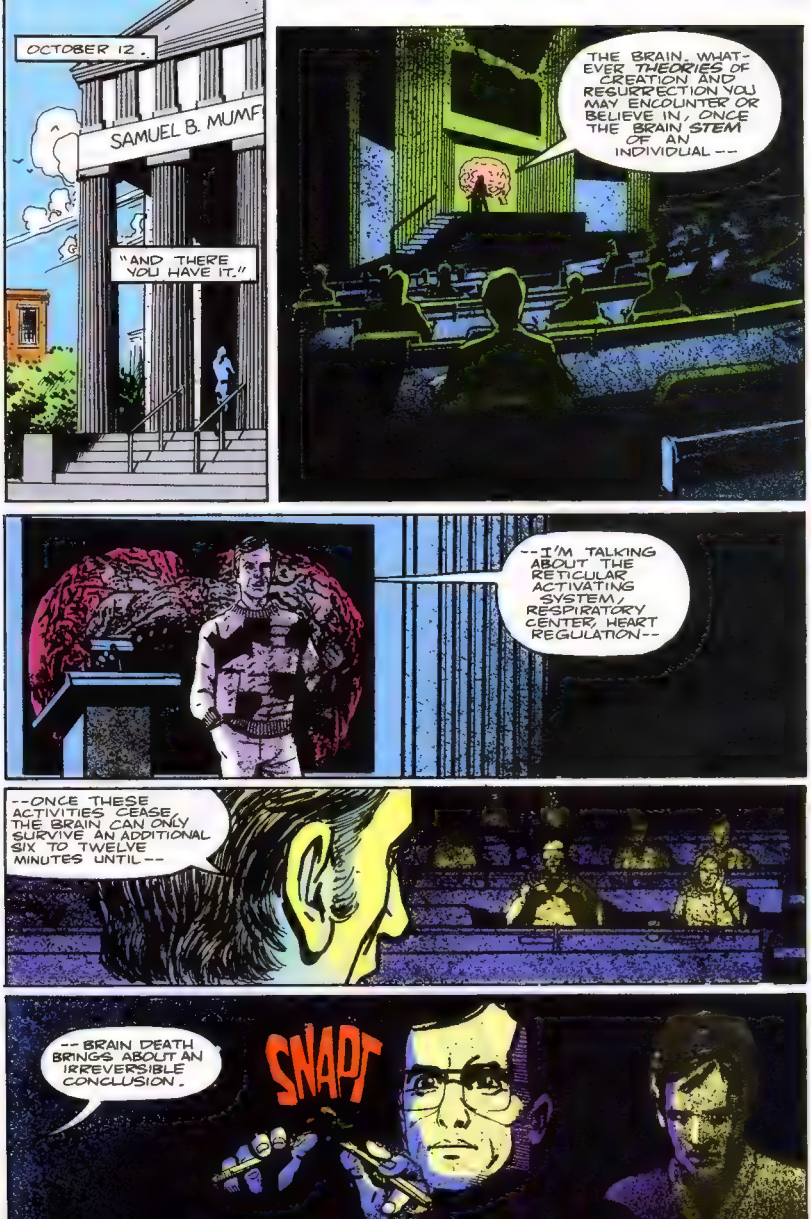

SON-OF-A-FUCKING-BITCH!
YOU STUDY YOUR ASS OFF DAY AFTER DAY, AND FOR WHAT?!
UNIVERSITY OF IOWA
LIKE WEST NEEDS A SCHOLARSHIP? GUY COMES FROM SOME RICH GOD-DAMN FAMILY, FOR CHRIST'S SAKES!
BULLETIN BOARD
112 DOCTOR'S LOUNGE
Have a heart. Donate blood.
AMERICAN RED CROSS
HOUSE TO SHARE
3RD YEAR MED STUDENT NEEDS ROOMMATE FAST! MUST BE QUIET, KEEP REGULAR HOURS
CONTACT DAN CAIN, 666 PICKMAN ST.
BEEPER #634-8785
KENNETH LAP 555-0638
SHIT, SHIT, SHIT.
THIRD YEAR DOCTARDS!!!
EXAM STUDY GROUP
WHEN: TUESDAYS 8:00-11:00pm
WHERE: 1114 Darkmore
AND MORE SHIT.
HEY!
GRROWWLL!
IOWA
5 or 6 of the best years of your life.
GOTCHA!
NO, OH, NO! NO!


RUFUS! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, BOY?
I THINK HE'S STARTING TO LIKE ME.
OH, RUFUS LIKES EVERYBODY. DON'T YOU?
UH-HUH. GIVE ME THAT I'VE GOT TO GO.
ALREADY?
I HAVE TO. DADDY KNOWS I'M HERE.
I DON'T CARE WHAT DEAN HALSEY KNOWS.
WELL, YOU SHOULD. FOR HIS SAKE, MINE AND YOURS.
BUT I DON'T. PLEASE STAY
BE REASONABLE. IF I DIDN'T COME HOME ONE NIGHT--JUST ONE NIGHT--
WHAT WOULD HE DO? EXPEL ME? HE HAS TOO MUCH INTEGRITY FOR THAT.
WHICH IS WHY HE'D FEEL SO BETRAYED BY US. HE LIKES YOU, TOO.
AND I LIKE HIM. BUT HE'S OUT OF TOUCH WITH THE TIMES.

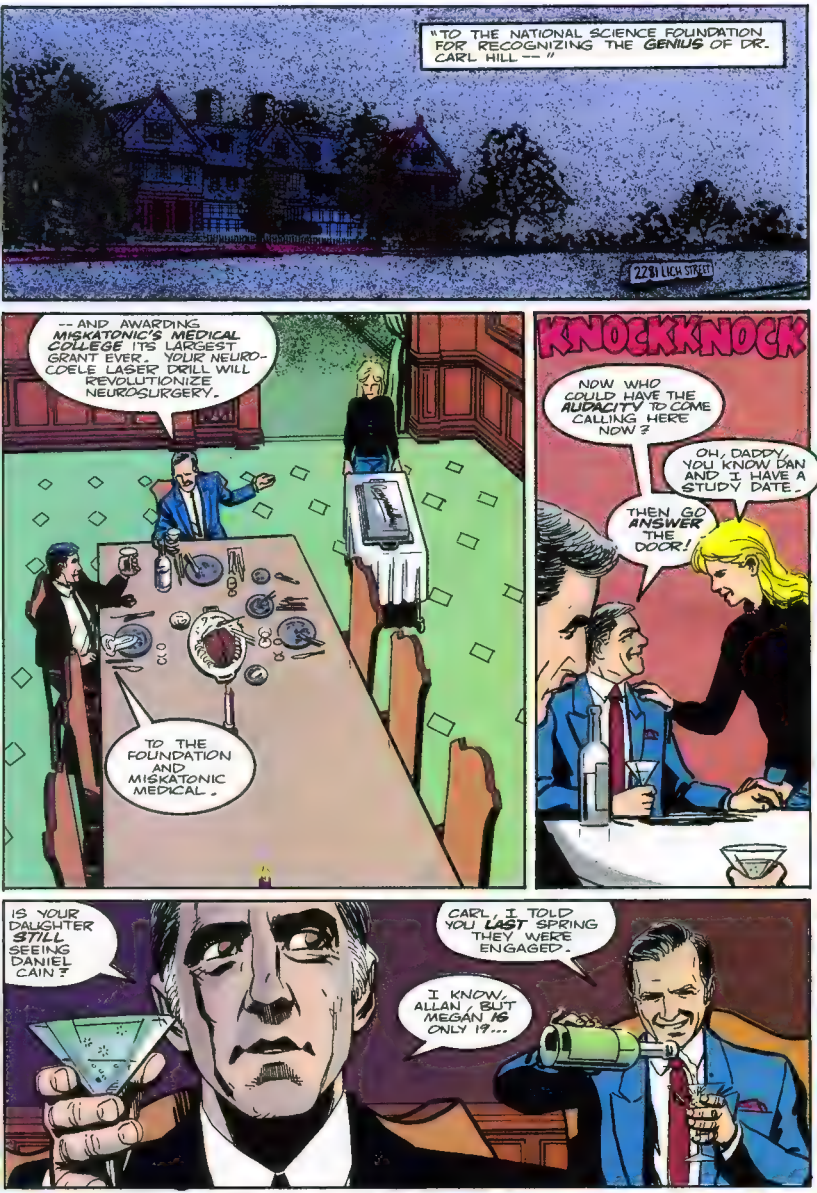

THAT'S DADDY. THE WORLD'S LAST LIVING PURITAN.
I HATE IT.
OH DAN.
THE MINUTE YOU GRADUATE AND HAVE YOUR M.D., I'LL MARRY YOU. UNTIL THEN I'LL HELP YOU AND BE WITH YOU AS MUCH AS I CAN.
OKAY?
≥SIGH≤ DON'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE.
AT LEAST THAT WILL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO HOUSEBREAK YOU.
"HOUSEBROKEN" IS IT?
TEE-HEE-HEE.
I SHALL HAVE TO TEACH YOU A LESSON, MY GIRL.
NO! DANIEL ELSTON CAIN, YOU LEAVE ME ALONE!
MWA-HA-HA! NO JURY IN THE WORLD WOULD CONVICT ME! ME!
DR. DAN!
STOP!

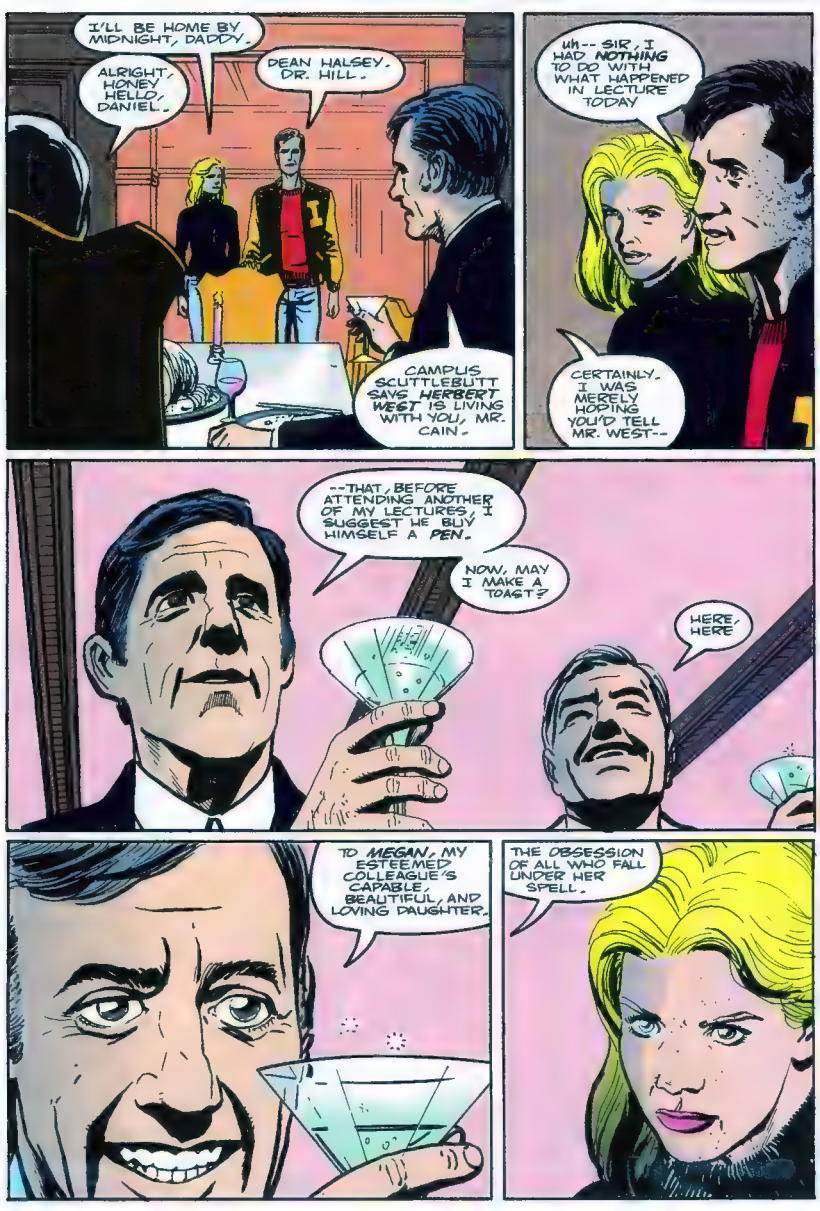

YOU NUT!
COME ALONG, MY PRETTY, THERE'S NO ONE WHO CAN HELP YOU
STOP IT, DAN-- OH!
WHAT?!
EXCUSE ME.
I AM INQUIRING ABOUT THE ROOM.
OH, YEAH. WE -UH- MET EARLIER. DIDN'T WE? YOU'RE - UH -
WEST. HERBERT WEST.
YEAH. PLEASE COME IN.
"EXCUSE ME A MINUTE, MR. WEST."
"OF COURSE. COULD YOU TELL ME, FIRST, DOES THIS BUILDING HAVE A BASEMENT?"
"YEAH. BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN DOWN THERE."
THIS WAY. CAREFUL.
YES.
THIS END UP

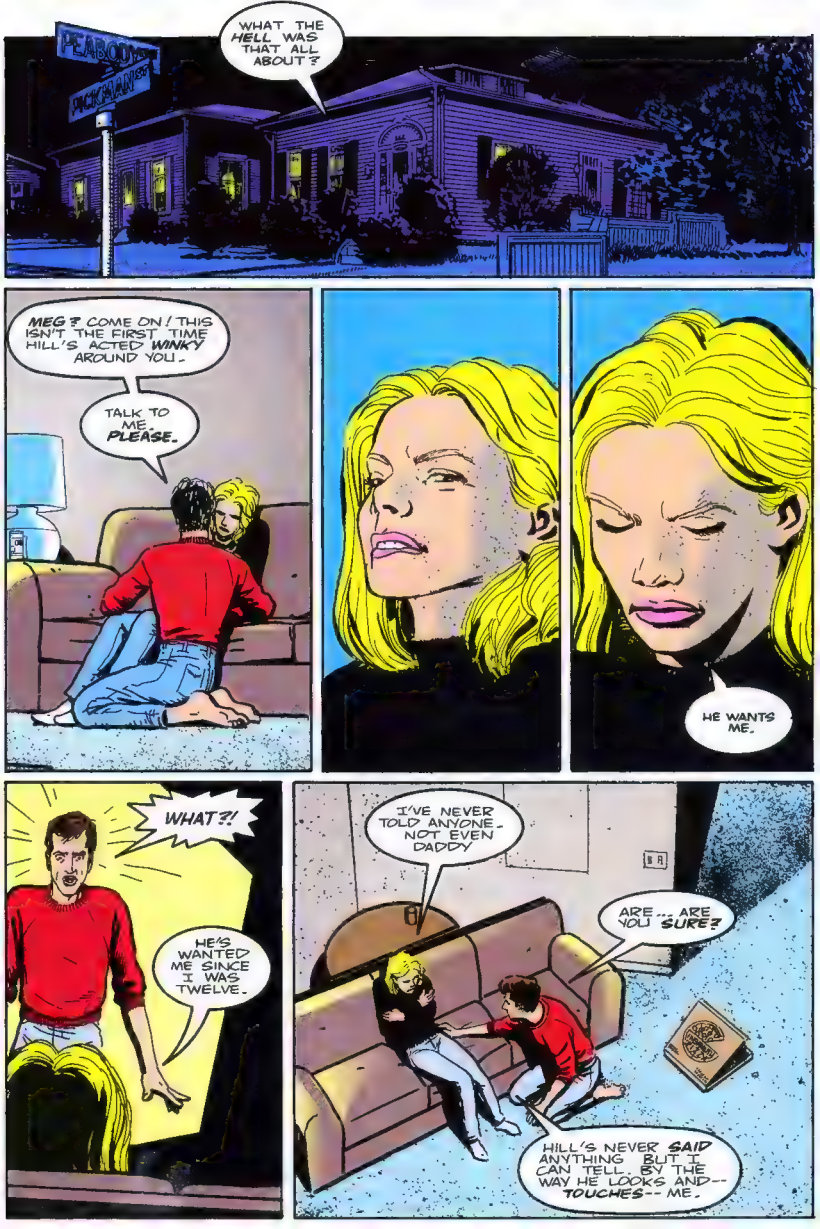

OH, YES, THIS WILL DO JUST FINE.
I HAVE MY THINGS OUTSIDE.
SHALL I MOVE IN NOW?
DAN, I HAVE TO GO.
YOU AND MR. WEST HAVE A LOT TO DISCUSS BEFORE YOU DECIDE ANYTHING.
I'VE DECIDED. LET ME ASSURE YOU I AM VERY QUIET.
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW I'M HERE. EXCEPT FOR THE FIRST OF THE MONTH, OF COURSE.
YOU KNOW, I CAN'T HELP FEELING PARTIALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR FINANCIAL STRAIT.
DOES A THREE-MONTH NON-REFUNDABLE DEPOSIT SOUND FAIR?
MR. WEST?
MISS HALSEY.
MY FATHER NEVER MENTIONED WHY YOU TRANSFERRED FROM SWITZERLAND.
THERE WAS NOTHING MORE I COULD LEARN THERE.
DO WE HAVE A DEAL, MR. CAIN?
IT'S DAN. AND YES, WE DO, MR. WEST.
HERBERT.

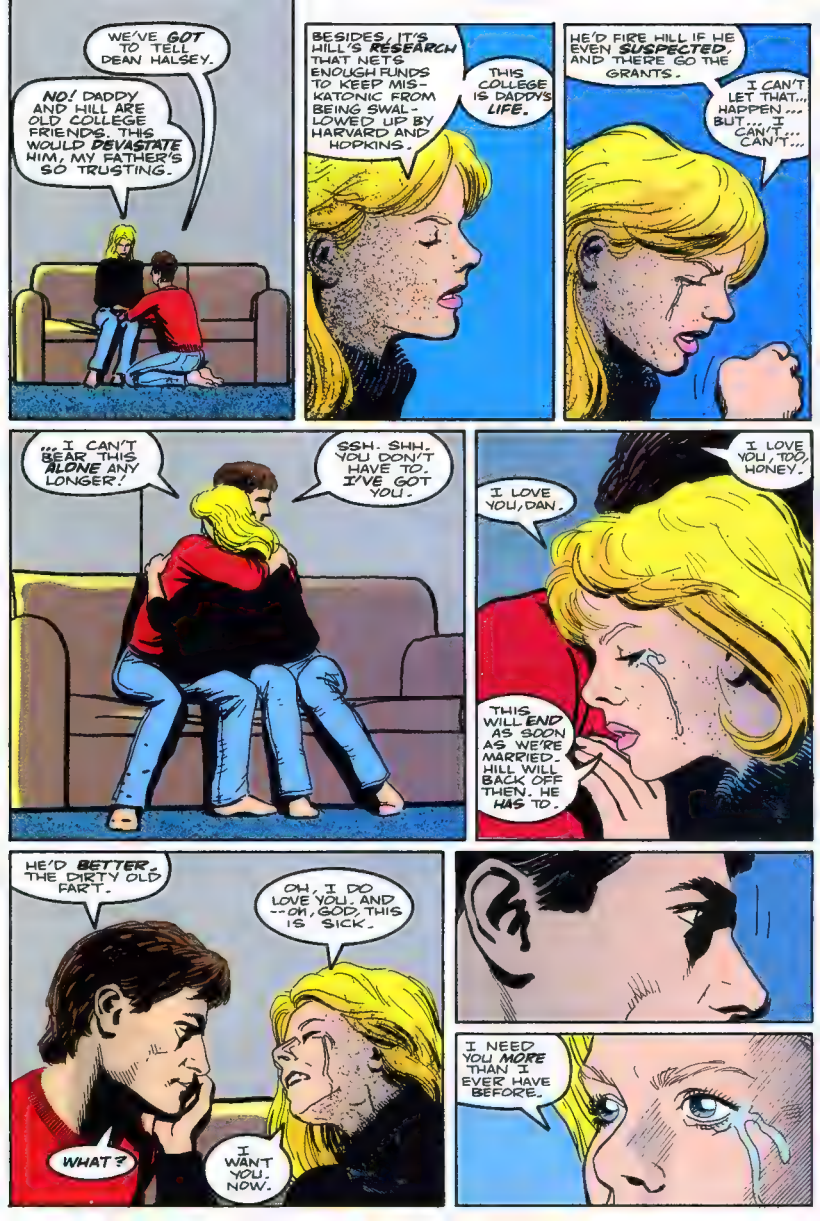

OCTOBER 12.
SAMUEL B. MUMF
"AND THERE YOU HAVE IT."
THE BRAIN. WHATEVER THEORIES OF CREATION AND RESURRECTION YOU MAY ENCOUNTER OR BELIEVE IN, ONCE THE BRAIN STEM OF AN INDIVIDUAL---
--I'M TALKING ABOUT THE RETICULAR ACTIVATING SYSTEM, RESPIRATORY CENTER, HEART REGULATION--
--ONCE THESE ACTIVITIES CEASE, THE BRAIN CAN ONLY SURVIVE AN ADDITIONAL SIX TO TWELVE MINUTES UNTIL--
--BRAIN DEATH BRINGS ABOUT AN IRREVERSIBLE CONCLUSION.
SNAP!

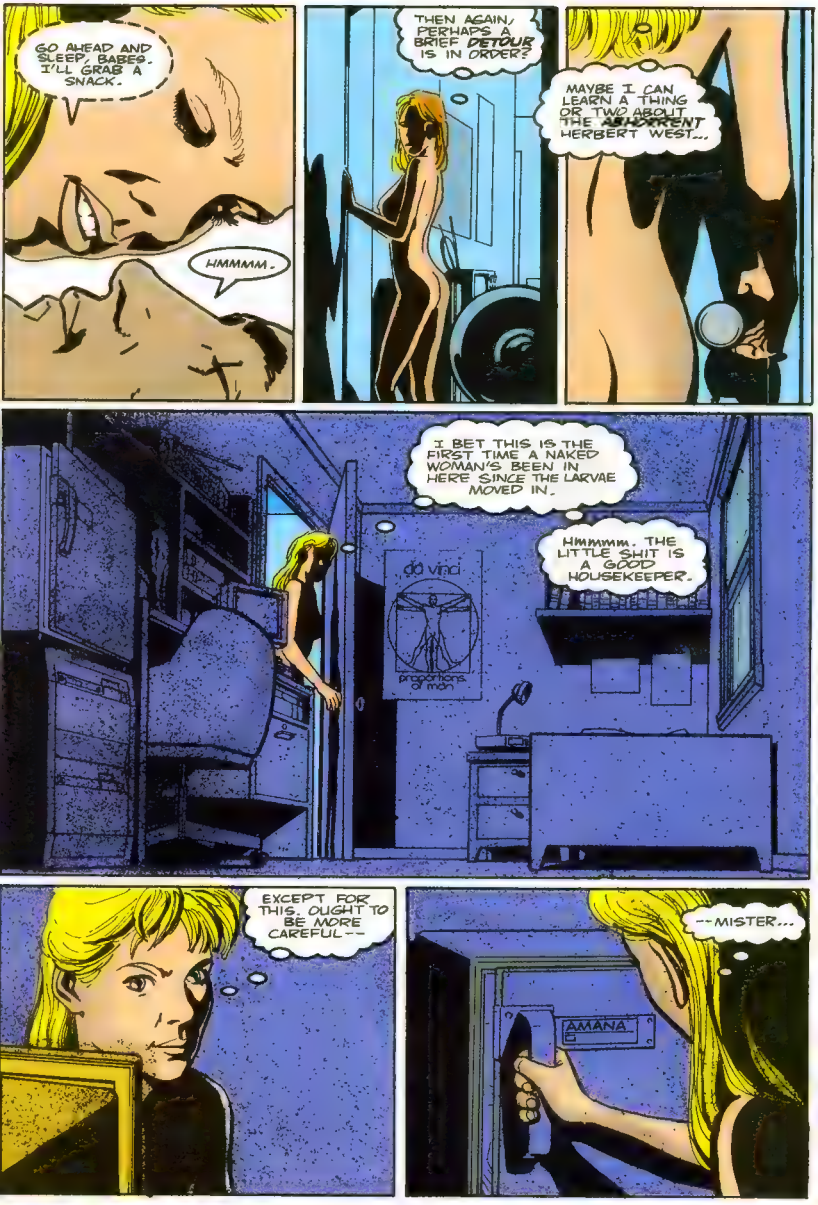
MR. WEST?
ISN'T THE PHRASE "IRREVERSIBLE CONCLUSION" REDUNDANT?
I'M NOT A GRAMMARIAN, CAPTAIN, I'M A DOCTOR.
MY PARTICULAR INTEREST IS IN THE HUMAN WILL, AND IT IS MY THEORY THAT THE LAST CELLS TO GIVE UP THE GHOST--
--ARE THE SITE OF THE WILL.
WE ALL WANT TO RETAIN OUR PERSONALITIES IN SOME IDYLLIC AFTER-LIFE. WE PRAY FOR SOME MIRACLE -- A DRUG, A PILL, A POTION.
PERHAPS, THOUGH, IT TAKES MORE THAN THAT. PERHAPS THE PERSONALITY ITSELF MUST BE EXTRA-ORDINARY, WITH A SUPERHUMAN WILL TO SURVIVE.
PERHAPS IT TAKES DESIRE, AN OBSESSIVE DESIRE DEEP IN THE MIND AND BODY
PERHAPS...
SNAP


"TO THE NATIONAL SCIENCE FOUNDATION FOR RECOGNIZING THE GENIUS OF DR. CARL HILL -- "
2281 LICH STREET
-- AND AWARDING MISKATONIC'S MEDICAL COLLEGE ITS LARGEST GRANT EVER. YOUR NEUROCOELE LASER DRILL WILL REVOLUTIONIZE NEUROSURGERY.
TO THE FOUNDATION AND MISKATONIC MEDICAL.
KNOCKKNOCK
NOW WHO COULD HAVE THE AUDACITY TO COME CALLING HERE NOW?
OH, DADDY, YOU KNOW DAN AND I HAVE A STUDY DATE.
THEN, GO ANSWER THE DOOR!
IS YOUR DAUGHTER STILL SEEING DANIEL CAIN?
CARL, I TOLD YOU LAST SPRING THEY WERE ENGAGED.
I KNOW, ALLAN, BUT MEGAN IS ONLY 19...

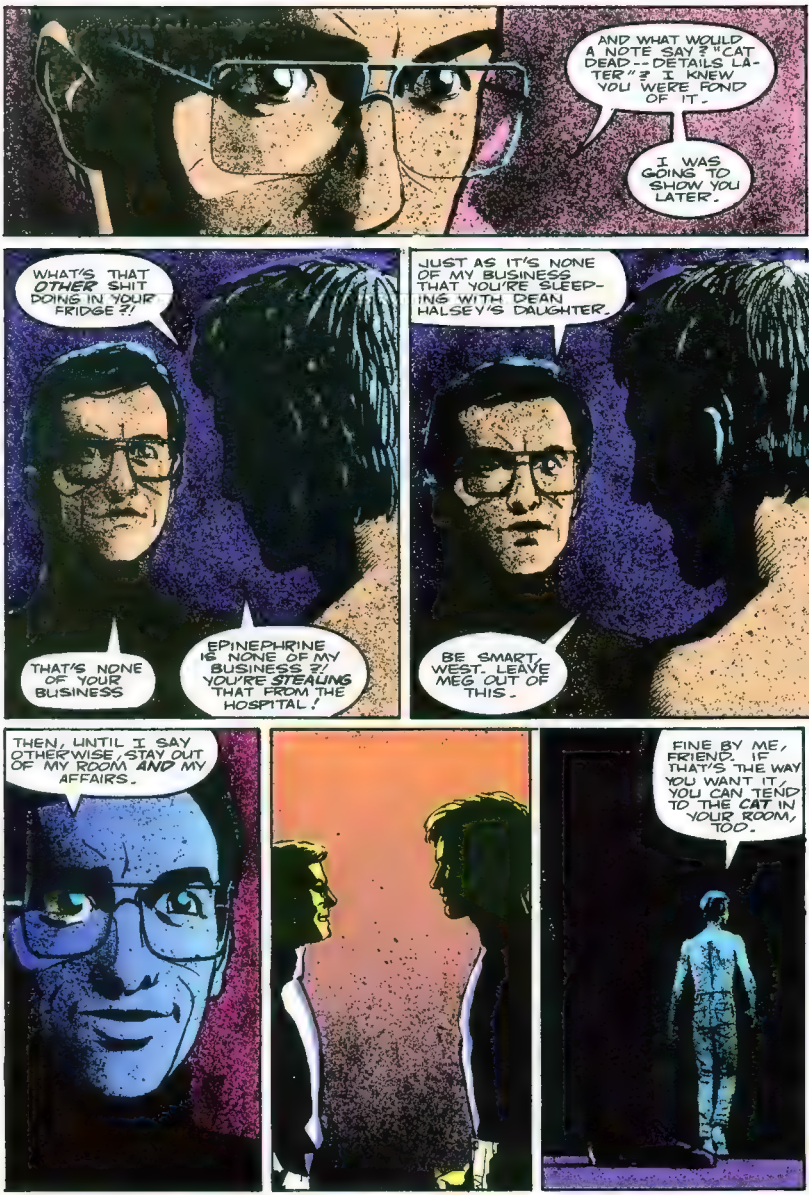

I'LL BE HOME BY MIDNIGHT, DADDY.
ALRIGHT, HONEY HELLO, DANIEL.
DEAN HALSEY. DR. HILL.
CAMPUS SCUTTLEBUTT SAYS HERBERT WEST IS LIVING WITH YOU, MR. CAIN.
uh-- SIR, I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH WHAT HAPPENED IN LECTURE TODAY
CERTAINLY. I WAS MERELY HOPING YOU'D TELL MR. WEST--
--THAT, BEFORE ATTENDING ANOTHER OF MY LECTURES, I SUGGEST HE BUY HIMSELF A PEN.
NOW, MAY I MAKE A TOAST?
HERE, HERE
TO MEGAN, MY ESTEEMED COLLEAGUE'S CAPABLE, BEAUTIFUL, AND LOVING DAUGHTER.
THE OBSESSION OF ALL WHO FALL UNDER HER SPELL.

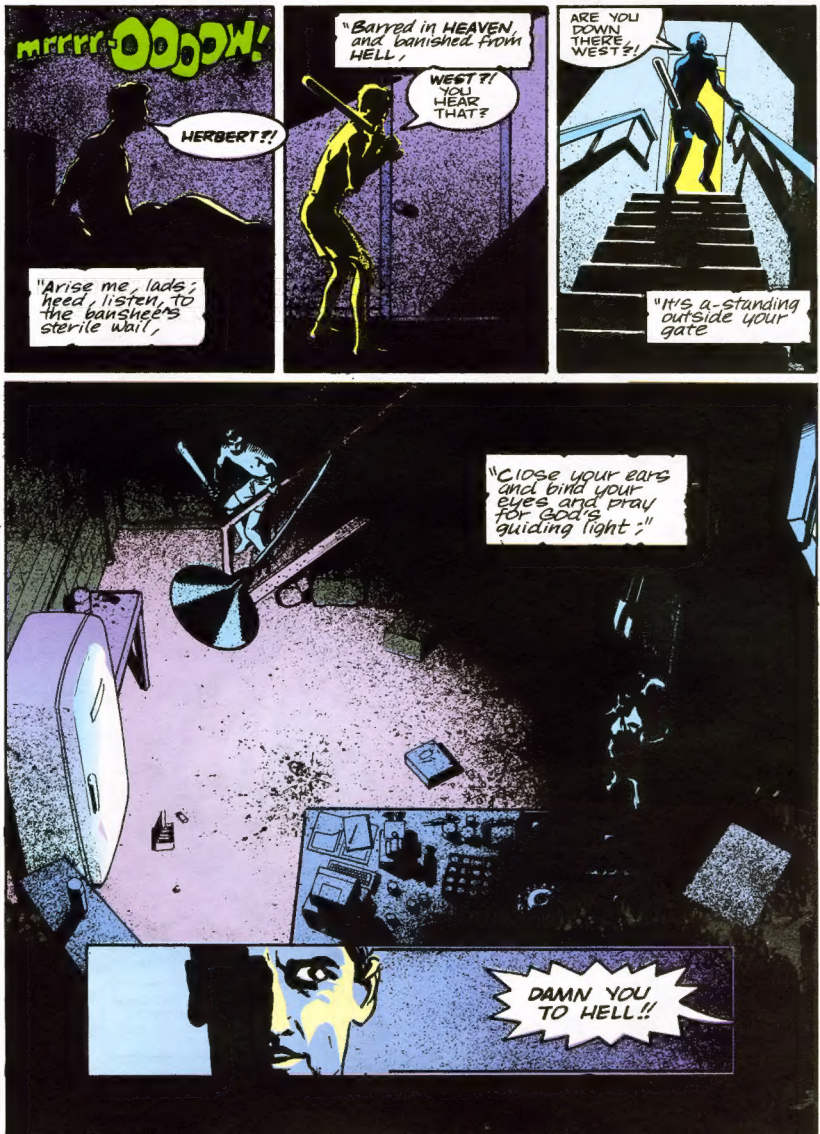

WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?
PEABODY'S PICKLE FARM
MEG? COME ON! THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME HILL'S ACTED WINKY AROUND YOU.
TALK TO ME. PLEASE.
HE WANTS ME.
WHAT?!
HE'S WANTED ME SINCE I WAS TWELVE.
I'VE NEVER TOLD ANYONE. NOT EVEN DADDY
ARE... ARE YOU SURE?
HILL'S NEVER SAID ANYTHING BUT I CAN TELL. BY THE WAY HE LOOKS AND-- TOUCHES-- ME.


WE'VE GOT TO TELL DEAN HALSEY.
NO! DADDY AND HILL ARE OLD COLLEGE FRIENDS. THIS WOULD DEVASTATE HIM, MY FATHER'S SO TRUSTING.
BESIDES, IT'S HILL'S RESEARCH THAT NETS ENOUGH FUNDS TO KEEP MISKATONIC FROM BEING SWALLOWED UP BY HARVARD AND HOPKINS.
THIS COLLEGE IS DADDY'S LIFE.
HE'D FIRE HILL IF HE EVEN SUSPECTED, AND THERE GO THE GRANTS.
I CAN'T LET THAT... HAPPEN... BUT... I CAN'T... CAN'T...
...I CAN'T BEAR THIS ALONE ANY LONGER!
SSH. SHH. YOU DON'T HAVE TO. I'VE GOT YOU.
I LOVE YOU, DAN.
I LOVE YOU, TOO, HONEY.
THIS WILL END AS SOON AS WE'RE MARRIED. HILL WILL BACK OFF THEN. HE HAS TO.
HE'D BETTER. THE DIRTY OLD FART.
OH, I DO LOVE YOU. AND --OH, GOD, THIS IS SICK.
WHAT?
I WANT YOU. NOW.
I NEED YOU MORE THAN I EVER HAVE BEFORE.


GO AHEAD AND SLEEP, BABES. I'LL GRAB A SNACK.
HMMMM.
THEN AGAIN, PERHAPS A BRIEF DETOUR IS IN ORDER?
MAYBE I CAN LEARN A THING OR TWO ABOUT THE ABHORRENT HERBERT WEST...
I BET THIS IS THE FIRST TIME A NAKED WOMAN'S BEEN IN HERE SINCE THE LARVAE MOVED IN.
HMMMMM. THE LITTLE SHIT IS A GOOD HOUSEKEEPER.
da vinci
proportions of man
EXCEPT FOR THIS. OUGHT TO BE MORE CAREFUL--
--MISTER...
AMANA

OH, GOD...
DAAAAN!
LEAVE THE LIGHTS OFF, HERBERT.
DAN?
WHY IS MY CAT IN YOUR REFRIGERATOR?
WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN MY ROOM?
WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO TO RUFUS, YOU BASTARD?!!
IT KNOCKED OVER THE GARBAGE AND GOT ITS HEAD STUCK IN A JAR.
YOU WEREN'T HOME, SO I PUT IT IN THERE SO IT WOULDN'T STINK UP THE PLACE.
COULDN'T YOU CALL-- OR LEAVE A NOTE?!
I WAS VISITING FAMILY IN BOSTON, AS YOU WELL KNOW.


AND WHAT WOULD A NOTE SAY? "CAT DEAD--DETAILS LATER"? I KNEW YOU WERE FOND OF IT.
I WAS GOING TO SHOW YOU LATER.
WHAT'S THAT OTHER SHIT DOING IN YOUR FRIDGE?!
THAT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS
EPINEPHRINE IS NONE OF MY BUSINESS?! YOU'RE STEALING THAT FROM THE HOSPITAL!
JUST AS IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS THAT YOU'RE SLEEPING WITH DEAN HALSEY'S DAUGHTER.
BE SMART, WEST. LEAVE MEG OUT OF THIS.
THEN, UNTIL I SAY OTHERWISE, STAY OUT OF MY ROOM AND MY AFFAIRS.
FINE BY ME, FRIEND. IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT, YOU CAN TEND TO THE CAT IN YOUR ROOM, TOO.


mrrrrr-OOOOW!
HERBERT?!
"Arise me, lads; heed, listen, to the banshee's sterile wail,
"Barred in HEAVEN, and banished from HELL,
WEST?! YOU HEAR THAT?
ARE YOU DOWN THERE WEST?!
"It's a-standing outside your gate
"Close your ears and bind your eyes and pray for God's guiding light;"
DAMN YOU TO HELL!!

RUFUS?!
HELP ME!
"For when a banshee comes a-calling, can AZRAEL be far behind?"

(Continued from inside front cover)

Fool.

Years later, the damn thing was out on video, haunting me, taunting me. However, the last thing I wanted to do was watch *Re-Animator* in the privacy of my own home. At that point, I was ready to see it in a crowded movie theater surrounded by other well-dressed, popcorn-filled 'fraidy-cats. I was not, however, ready to watch it in the relative safety and comfort of an empty house. Certainly not one in my neighborhood.

Fool.

When Malibu acquired the license from producer Brian Yuzna (a very nice guy who, on the phone, talks faster than even I do), I could wait no longer I prepared myself by reading the screenplay, then collected all of my friends together for an evening of *Re-Animator* viewing.

Re-Animator was everything my friends had said it was six years earlier, only it was also more. Sure, there were moments of genuine terror and shock and some outstanding gore effects, but there was also wit, style and charm. Director Stuart Gordon (who would go on to work on *Honey, I Shrunk The Kids*) was a master at making this low-budget thriller look like it cost many times its original budget (which has been reported at less than $1 million). The dialogue crackled and the winning performance of Jeffrey Combs as Herbert West showed the making of a true star (And who would have guessed that naked Barbara Crampton would go on to become a major soap-opera actress?).

The *Re-Animator* is still out there, lurking in your video store. Buy it. Rent it. Watch it. Don't be a fool.

Just make sure you read the comic book version first.

—Tom Mason

TEAM KOMICS LIVE

EDITED BY ZOMBIETOASTER

SCANNED BY QWETH'L DCP

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